

# PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

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## THE BANNER

Published every Thursday morning  
(Up stairs, in the Old Plymouth Hotel.)

BY WM. J. BURNS.

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CHARLES PALMER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and Hats & Caps.

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J. BROWNLEE & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing, Hardware & Cutlery.

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BROWN & BAXTER Manufacturers of Tin Sheet Iron and Copperware, and Dealers in Stores—sign of Tin Shop & Store.

C. H. REEVE, Attorney at Law. Collections, punctually attended to in Northern Indiana. Lands for sale cheap.

M. W. SMITH, Justice of the peace, will attend to business in the Circuit and Com. Pleas courts. Over the Post office.

D. R. SAWYER, Hibernian Physician, and Surgeon, Office at his residence on the east side of Michigan street.

JOHN COUGLE, Keeps a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds. Cor. Gano & Mich. sts.

D. J. D. GRAY, Eclectic Physician, will attend to all day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Reeve's residence.

ELLIOTT & CO. Wagon, Carriage & Plow Manufacturers, at their new stand at the south end of the Bridge, Michigan street.

D. R. BROWN, Physician and Surgeon, will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth.

A. JOSEPH Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, South Plymouth.

D. CHAS. WEST, Eclectic Physician, Office at his residence, east side Michigan street.

FAYLOR, Cabinet Maker and undertaker, corner Center & Washington streets.

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A. BALDWIN, manufacturers and keeps on hand custom made Boots & Shoes; east side Michigan street.

JOHN SMITH, Manufacturer of Fine Custom made Boots. Shop next door north of the Brick Store.

JAMES & M. ELLIOTT Turners, Chair Makers, and Sign Painters, Michigan street, South Plymouth.

J. E. ARMSTRONG, attends to all calls in his line of Daguerrotypy, at his residence north of Edwards' Hotel.

M. H. PETHER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c., South Plymouth.

In the Market.  
WHEAT At the highest market prices, taken on subscription to the Banner, delivered at the office.  
Blanks of all kinds, neatly printed, and for sale at the Banner Office.

From the Louisville Journal.

### I am Dreaming of thee.

I am dreaming of thee,  
Earth gently is sleeping,  
The spirit of midnight  
Their vigils are keeping.  
Their walk on the wind's harp  
Is mystic and low,  
And softly it murmurs  
All mournful and slow;  
And through my lone chamber  
They fit wild and free,  
I heed not their revels—  
I am dreaming of thee.

The star lamps of Heaven  
Burn fitful and bright,  
Methinks angels are dancing  
In their silvery light,  
As through the blue ether  
They noiselessly glide,  
Ah! now they are whispering  
Thy name at my side.  
They drop their white pinions,  
And gaze wistfully on me,  
I greet not their glances,  
I am dreaming of thee.

I am dreaming of thee,  
Through each long, weary day;  
When in the gay throng  
I restlessly stray,  
I draw the bright cowl  
Of mirth over my heart,  
While dark thoughts are tending  
Each fibre apart;  
In its deep haunted cells  
Their ruins I see,  
I crush their wild bodings,  
I am dreaming of thee.

I am dreaming of thee!  
To my vision are stealing  
Sweet moments by gone,  
And to thee I am kneeling  
And sadly am pleading  
New vows at thy shrine,  
Where I offered up fondly  
This proud soul of mine;  
Oh! spirit that is coldly,  
It ever will be  
Round thy memory clinging,  
Still dreaming of thee.

I am dreaming of thee!  
'Tis the deep midnight hour,  
Fate summons the future  
By her magical power,  
Its dark wings are rustling,  
She waves her dim wand!  
I view the pale phantoms  
Of a shadowy land;  
And ere long I join them,  
Yet I shall not be free,  
My own one in death,  
I still dream of thee.

IDA PRESTON.

WINCHESTER, ILLS.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

### Two Brides with the Doctor.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

Jump in if you would ride with the Doctor. You have no time to lose, for the patient horse, thankful for the unusual blessing which he has enjoyed in obtaining a good night's rest, stands early at the door this rainy morning, and the worthy doctor himself is already in his seat, and is hastily gathering up the reins, for there have been no less than six rings at the bell within as many minutes, and immediate attendance is requested in several places.

It is not exactly the day one might select for a ride, for the storm is a regular north-easter, and your hands and feet are benumbed with the piercing cold wind, while you are drenched with the driving rain.

But the doctor is used to all this, and unmindful of wind and rain, he urges his faithful horse to his utmost speed, eager to reach the spot where the most pressing duty calls. He has at least the satisfaction of being welcome. Anxious eyes are watching for the well-known vehicle from the window; the door is opened ere he puts his hand upon the lock, and the heart-felt exclamation:—

"Oh! doctor, I am so thankful you have come," greets him as he enters.

Hastily the anxious father leads the way to the room where his half-distracted wife is bending in agony over their first-born, who is now in strong convulsions. The mother clasps her hands, and raises her eyes in gratitude to heaven, as the doctor enters,—he is her only earthly hope. Prompt and efficient remedies are resorted to, and in an hour the restored little one is sleeping tranquilly in his mother's arms.

The doctor departs amid a shower of blessings, and again urging his horse to speed, reaches his second place of destination. It is a stately mansion. A spruce waiter hastens to answer his ring, but the lady herself meets him as he enters the hall.

"We have been expecting you anxiously, doctor. Mr. Palmer is quite ill this morning. Walk up, if you please."

The doctor obeys, and is eagerly welcomed by his patient.

"Do exert your utmost skill to save me from a fever, doctor. The symptoms are much the same which I experienced last year, previous to that long siege with the typhoid. It distracts me to think of it. At this particular juncture, I should lose thousands by absence from my business."

The doctor's feelings are enlisted,—his feelings of humanity, and his feelings of self-interest, for doctors must live as well as other people; and the thought of the round sum which would find its way into his own purse, if he could but succeed in preventing the loss of thousands to his patient, was by no means unpleasing.

The most careful examination of the symptoms is made, and well-chosen prescriptions given. He is requested to call as often as possible through the day, which

he readily promises to do, although press of business and a pouring rain render it somewhat difficult.

The result, however, will be favorable to his wishes. His second and third call give him great encouragement, and on the second day after the attack, the merchant returns to his counting room exulting in the skill of his physician.

But we must resume our ride. On, on goes the doctor; rain pouring, wind blowing, mud splashing. Ever and anon he checks his horse's speed at his various posts of duty. High and low, rich and poor, anxiously await his coming. He may not shrink from the ghastly spectacle of human suffering and death. Humanity in its most loathsome forms is presented to him.

The nearest and dearest may turn away in grief and horror, but the doctor blanches not.

Again we are depressing. The doctor's well-known pat is heard at the door of a sick room, where, for many days, he has been in constant attendance. Noislessly he is admitted. The young husband kneels at the side of the bed where lies his dearest, earthly treasure. The calm, but deeply afflicted, mother advances to the doctor, and whispers fearfully low:

"There is a change. She sleeps.—Is it—oh! can it be the sleep of death?"

Quickly the physician is at the bedside, anxiously bending over his patient.

Another moment, and he grasps the husband's hand, while the glad words, "She will live," burst from his lips.

We may not picture forth their joy.—On, on we are riding with the doctor. Once more we are at his own door.

Hastily he enters and takes up the slate containing the list of calls during his absence. At half a dozen places his presence is requested without delay.

A quick step is heard on the stairs, and his gentle wife hastens to welcome him. "I am so glad you have come; how wet you must be!"

The parlor door was thrown open.—What a cheerful fire, and how invitingly look the dressing gown and the nicely warmed slippers.

"Take off your wet clothes, dear; dinner will soon be ready," urges the wife.

"It is impossible, Mary. There are several places to visit yet. Nay, never look so sad. Have not six years taught you what a doctor's wife must expect?"

"I shall never feel easy when you are working so hard, Henry; but surely you will take a cup of hot coffee; I have it all ready. It will delay you but a moment."

The doctor consents, and while the coffee is preparing, childish voices are heard and little feet come quickly through the hall.

"Papa has come home," shouts a manly little fellow, of four years, as he almost drags his younger sister to the spot where he has heard his father's voice.

The father's heart is gladdened by their innocent joy, as they cling around him, but there is no time for delay. A kiss in each, one good jump for the baby, and the cup of coffee is hastily swallowed, the wife receives her embrace with grateful eyes, and as the doctor springs quickly into his chair, and wheels around the corner, she sighs deeply as she looks at the dressing gown and slippers, and thinks of the favorite dish which she had prepared for dinner; and now it may be night before he comes again. But she becomes more cheerful as she remembers that a less busy season will come, and then they will enjoy the recompense of this hard labor.

The day wears away, and at length comes the happy hour when gown and slippers may be brought into requisition. The storm still rages without, but there is quiet happiness within. The babies are sleeping, and father and mother are in that snug little parlor, with its bright light and cheerful fire. The husband is not too weary to read aloud, and the wife listens, while her hands are busied with woman's never-ending work.

But their happiness is of short duration. A loud ring at the bell.

"Patient in the office, sir," announces the attendant.

The doctor utters a half impatient exclamation, but the wife expresses only thankfulness that it is an office patient.

"Fine night for a sick person to come out," muttered the doctor, as he unwillingly lays down his book, and rises from the comfortable lounge.

He is himself again by the time his hand is on the door of the office, and it is with real interest that he greets his patient.

"Tooth to be extracted. Sit down, sir. Here Molly, bring water and a brighter lamp. Have courage, sir; one moment and I will end it."

The hall door closes on the relieved sufferer, and the doctor throws himself again on the lounge, and smilingly put the bright half-dollar in his pocket.

"That was not so bad, after all. Mary, I like to make fifty cents in that way." "Cruel creature! Do not mention it!" "Cruel! The poor man blessed me in his heart. Did I not relieve him from the most intense suffering?"

"Well, never mind. I hope there will be no more calls to-night."

medicine case hastily seized, and the doctor rushes forth again in the storm.

Pity for his faithful horse induces him to travel the distance on foot, and a rapid walk of half a mile brings him to the house.

It was no needless alarm. The attack was a severe one, and all the skill was required to save the life of the little one.—It was daylight ere he could leave him with safety. Then, as he was about departing for his own home, an express messenger arrived to entreat him to go immediately to another place nearly a mile in an opposite direction.

Breakfast was over ere he reached his own house. His thoughtful wife suggested to him; but a glance at the already well-filled slate, showed this to be out of the question. A hasty toilet, and still haster breakfast, and the doctor is again seated in his chaise, going on his accustomed rounds; but we will not now accompany him.

Let us pass over two or three months, and invite ourselves to another ride. One pleasant morning, when less pressed with business, he walks leisurely from the house to the chaise, and gathering up the reins with a remarkable thoughtful air, rides slowly down the street.

But few patients are on his list, and these are first attended to.

The doctor then paused for consideration. He has set apart this day for collecting. Past experience has taught him that the task is by no means an agreeable one. It is necessary, however, absolutely so—for, as we have said before, doctors must live as well as other people; their house rent must be paid, food and clothing must be supplied.

A moment only passed the doctor, and then we are again moving onward. A short ride brings us to the door of a pleasant situated house. We remember it well. It is where the little one lay in fits when we last rode out with the doctor. We recall the scene, the despair of the parents, and the happiness which succeeded when their beloved was restored to them.

Surely they will now welcome the doctor. Thankfully will they pay the paltry sum he claims as a recompense for his service. We are more confident than the doctor. Experience is a sure teacher.—The door does not now fly open at his approach. He gives his name to the girl who answers the bell, and in due time the lady of the house appears.

"Ah! doctor, how do you do? You are quite a stranger! delightful weather," &c. &c.

The doctor replies politely, and inquires if her husband is in.

"Yes he is; but I regret to say he is exceedingly indisposed this morning. His business is frequently of a nature which cannot suffer interruption. He would have been pleased to have seen you."

The doctor's pocket bill is produced, and the neatly drawn bill was presented.

"If convenient to Mr. Lawton, the amount would be acceptable."

"I will hand it to him when he is at leisure. He will attend to it no doubt."

The doctor sighs involuntarily as he recalls similar indefinite promises; but it is impossible to insist upon interrupting important business. He ventures another remark, implying that prompt payment would oblige him; bows and retires.

On, on goes the faithful horse. Where is to be our next stopping place? At the wealthy merchant's who owed so much to the doctor's skill some two months since. Even the doctor feels confidence here. Thousands saved by the prevention of that fever. Thirty dollars is not to be thought of in comparison.

All is favorable. Mr. Palmer is at home, and receives his visitor in a cordial manner. Compliments are passed. Now for the bill. "Our little account Mr. Palmer."

"Ah! I recollect; I am a trifle in your debt. Let me see, thirty dollars! So much? I had forgotten that we needed medical advice, except in my slight indisposition a few weeks since."

"Slight indisposition! What a memory some people are blessed with!"

The doctor smother his rising indignation.

"Eight visits, Mr. Palmer, and at such a distance. You will find the charge a moderate one."

"Oh! very well, I dare say it is all right. I am sorry I have not the money for you to-day, doctor. Very tight just at present; you know how it is with men of business."

It would be a great accommodation if I could have it at once."

"Impossible, doctor! I wish I could oblige you. In a week, or fortnight, at the farthest, I will call at your office."

A week or a fortnight! The disappointed doctor once more seats himself in his chaise, and urges his horse to speed. He is growing desperate now, and is eager to reach his next place of destination. Suddenly he checks his horse. A gentleman is passing—how he recognises as the young husband whose indebted wife has so lately been snatched from the borders of the grave.

"Glad to see you Mr. Wilton; I was about calling at your house."

"Pray do so, doctor; Mrs. Wilton will be pleased to see you."

"Thank you; but my call was on business to-day. I believe I must trouble you with my bill for attendance during your wife's illness."

enormous. Call it forty, and I will hand you the amount at once."

The doctor hesitates. "I cannot afford to lose ten dollars, which is justly my due, Mr. Wilton."

"Suit yourself, doctor. Take forty and receipt the bill, or stick to your first charge, and wait till I am ready to pay it. Fifty dollars is no trifle, I can tell you."

And this is the man whose life might have been a blank but for the doctor's skill.

Again we are travelling onward. The unpaid bill is left at Mr. Wilton's hand, and yet the doctor half regrets that he had not submitted to the imposition. Money is greatly needed just now, and there seems little prospect of getting any.

Again and again the horse is stopped at some well-known post. A poor wretch comes the doctor to-day. Some bills are collected, but their amount is discouragingly small. Everybody appears to feel astonishingly healthy, and have almost forgotten that they ever had occasion for a physician.—There is one consolation, however: sickness will come again, and then perhaps, the unpaid bill may be recollected. Homeward goes the doctor. He is naturally of a cheerful disposition; but now he is seriously threatened with a fit of the blues. A list of calls upon his slate has little effect to raise his spirits.

"All work and no pay," he mutters to himself, as he puts on his dressing-gown and slippers; and throwing himself upon the lounge, turns a deaf ear to the little ones while he indulges in reveries as to the best mode of paying the doctor.

A Brief Discourse.

Text.—There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the way thereof is, &c.—Prov.

We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious to quote here, this sublime precept from the oracles of divine truth, as a text to discourse from in the manner that follows, although in aid of subjects of a somewhat secular nature, appertaining, however, to morality.

It may seem right to a man to neglect paying his debts, for the sake of lending or speculating upon his money; but the end thereof is a bad paymaster.

It may seem right to a man to attempt to live upon the fashion of the times, but the end thereof is—disgusting to all sensible folks, and ruinous to health, reputation and property.

It may seem right to a man to keep borrowing from his neighbors, but the end thereof is—very cross neighbors.

It may seem right to a man to trouble himself with his neighbor's business; but the end thereof is—the total neglect of his own.

It may seem right to a man to be always trumpeting his own fame, but the end thereof is—that his fame don't extend very far.

It may seem right to a man to indulge his children in everything; but the end thereof is—his children will indulge in dishonoring him.

It may seem right to a man to attempt to please every body, but the end thereof is—that he pleases nobody.

It may seem right to a man to excel his neighbors in extravagance and luxury; but the end thereof is—he only excels them in folly.

It may seem right to a man to be incessantly occupied in hoarding up the treasures of this world; but the end thereof is—he has none in the world to come.

It may seem right to a man to worship a creature more than the Creator, but the end thereof is—an idolator.

It may seem right to a man not to take a newspaper, but the end thereof is—that a man has a vain idea of what is right, and his family are totally ignorant of the ordinary occurrences of the day.

Woman's Curiosity.

A Lodge of the I. O. O. F., at Woodstown determined to have their Lodge room done up clean and nice, and it was resolved that Mrs. K. should be employed to do this job.

After the meeting adjourned, the I. G., who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a Billy goat and placed him in a closet that was kept as a reservoir, for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the Lodge and requested her to come early the next morning as he would then be at leisure to show her what was to be done.

Morning came, and with it Madam K. with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, &c., prepared and armed for the job, and found the I. G. waiting for her.

"Now, Madame," said he, "I will tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get any body to do the job and not be meddling with the secrets in that closet—we have lost the key and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them that you could be depended upon."

"Depended on!" said she, "I guess I can. My poor dear and good husband, who belonged to the Free Masons or Anti Masons, I don't know which, used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me the marks the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they'll lay there till they rot—they will."

"I thought so," said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner, and give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I have pledged my word and honor for your fidelity to your promise: now don't go into that closet!" and then left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed, "Don't go into that closet!" I'll warrant there's a pig, gridiron, or some

nonsense just like the Anti-Masons, for all the world, I'll be bound. I will just take one peep, and nobody will be any wiser, as I can keep it to myself."

Suiting the action to the word, she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet, turned the button, which was no sooner done than b-a-h! went the billy goat, with a spring to regain his liberty, which came high upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with implements of house-cleaning, all were swept clear from their position off the stairs.

The noise and confusion by such unceremonious coming down stairs, drew half of the town to witness Mrs. K.'s effort to get from under the goat and pile of pails, tubs, brooms and brushes in the street.

Who should be first on the spot but the rascally door keeper, who, after releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the other rubbish that bound the good woman to the earth, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees?

"Taking the degrees?" exclaimed the lady; "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with the devil after ye, taking things by degrees, I have them; and if ye frighten folks as bad as ye have me, and hurt them to boot, I'll warrant they'll make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the door keeper.

"Open the closet? Eve eat the apple she was forbidden! If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there—I wanted to know it—I opened the door and out popped the tarnal critter right into my face. I thought the devil had me, and I broke for the stairs with the devil butting me at every jump—I fell over the tub, and got down stairs as you see us, all in a heap."

"But, madam," said the door keeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of the Order, and must go up and be initiated, sworn, and ride the goat in the regular way."

"Regular way!" exclaimed the lady, and do you suppose I am going near the tarnal place ever again, and ride that critter without a bridle or ladies saddle? No never! I don't want nothing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched on a billy goat, wouldn't I? No, no, never! I'll never go night again, or your hall either—if I can ever prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Odd Fellows."

Why, I'd sooner be a Free-Mason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as a fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dear husband was! And he lived over it, too; but I never could live over such another ride as took to day!"

UNPLEASANT SITUATION.—A gentleman a few evenings since, while taking a swim in the lake at Buffalo, N. Y., was horrified on casting his eyes toward the beach, to behold a rag-picking female deliberately put his shirt, white pantaloons, stockings, &c., into her basket and rammed them in vain, and the dejected one was compelled to make up the deficiencies of his wardrobe with blasphemy. In fact in the language of the scripture, "he clothed himself with curses as with a garment."

A YOUNG HUSBAND SURPRISED.—A gentleman living in an interior town in Tennessee recently had occasion to be absent from home a short time, was astonished by the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch announcing that his wife, to whom he had only been married some six months, had had a child the night before. He was in great tribulation, but telegraphing home for particulars, he soon ascertained that matters were not quite so serious as represented. A blundering telegraph operator had made a "child" for a "chill."

Pompey, why am a bee hive like a bad tater? Kase it's round. What nonsense.—Guess again.

Well, I won't guess, kase you so ugly; I know well 'nuff what it am, only I won't guess for spite.

Do you give it up? Well, yes.